

VISIT...

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GOLDEN AGE

SUPER HEROES FROM THE MIND OF

NIVE BARKER SAINT SINNER

YOU SAY
YOU WANT

EVOLUTION



DIRECT EDITION



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OBI

POSSESSED BY TWO ENTITIES FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION, THE BOY PHILIP FETTER MUST NOW EXIST IN THAT SMALL SPACE BETWEEN THEM, AS A MAN TRAPPED BETWEEN LIGHT AND DARK; GOOD AND EVIL. HE'S GAINED INCREDIBLE POWER, AT THE COST OF HIS YOUTH, HIS LIFE, AND HIS VERY SANITY.

THROUGH A DOOR BETWEEN DIMENSIONS, WE FLY... OF METAL AND GLASS, WE FLY... MY THREE SELVES, AND THE BURNING WOUNDS OF HUMANS WHO CALLED US!

THE GATE!

THAT CALLING NEARLY KILLED THE HUMAN BODY-- THE BODY THAT WAS PHILIP FETTER'S ALONE-- THE PRAYERS OF THESE HUMANS, HALTING ME IN MY DESPERATE JOURNEY TO THE VEERTE SOUL!

THE VEERTE SOUL! GREEN DIMENSION! MY TIME-- OUT OF-- TIMELESS-- HOME! I MUST GO HOME SOON, OR THE BODY WILL BE RELEASING THE DEMON TO BREAK HIS NAVOC ON EARTH!

MY BABY, MY CHILD! I PRAY TO YOU, SAINT SINNER! SAVE HER! PLEASE!

THE MAN, THIS CAR'S OWNER, PRAYS ON! HIS PRAYER MADE MORE POTENT BY THE STRENGTH OF HIS GRIEF, POUNDED ON THE WALL OF MY BRAIN!

CLIVE BARKER PRESENTS...

THE CHILD STEALER

PART II

CLIVE BARKER
STORY
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COLORS

ELAINE LEE
STORY
JANICE CHANG
LETTERS
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CHAPTER THREE: SUFFER THE CHILDREN

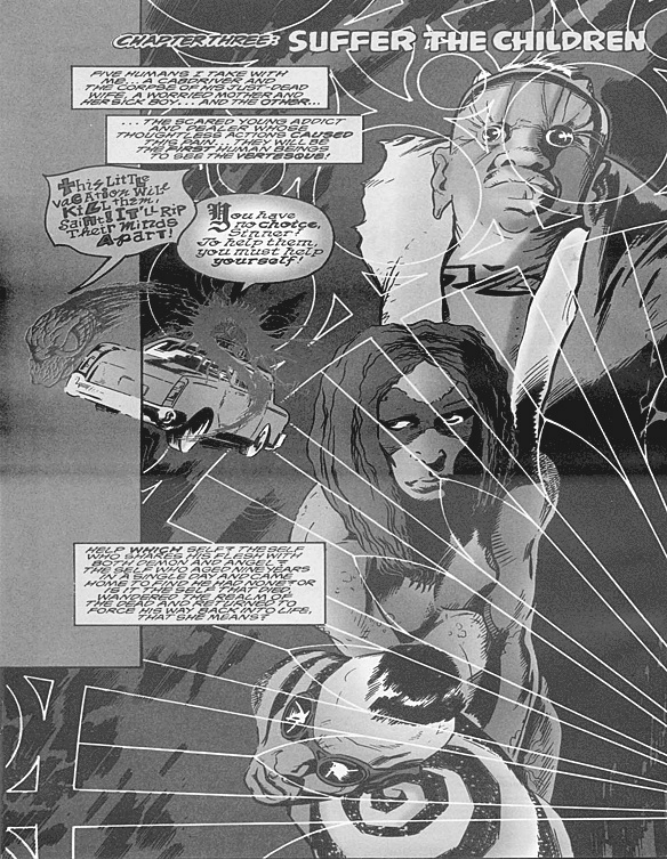
FIVE HUMANS I TAKE WITH ME... A CABDRIVER AND THE CORPSE OF HIS JUST-DEAD WIFE, WIDOWED MOTHER AND HER SICK BOY... AND THE OTHER...

... THE SCARED YOUNG ADDICT AND DEALER WHOSE THOUGHTLESS ACTIONS CAUSED THIS PAIN... THEY WILL BE THE FIRST HUMAN BEINGS TO SEE THE VERTIGOSUS!

This Little
vacation will
kill them!
Saint! IT'L RIP
their minds
apart!

You have
no choice,
Sinner!
To help them,
you must help
yourself!

HELP WHICH SELF THESE SELF
WHO SHAKES HIS FLESH WITH
BOTH DEMON AND ANGEL?
THE SELF WHO AGED NINE YEARS
IN A SINGLE DAY AND CAME
HOME TO FIND HE HAD NONE FOR
IS IT THE SELF THAT DIED,
WANDERED THE SEAS IN
THE DEAD AND RETURNED TO
FORCE HIS WAY BACK INTO LIFE,
THAT SHE MEANS?



THEN, WEARING MY RECLAIMED
BODY, AND FIGHTING ITS GIFT OF
RAIN, I STUMBLED TO
THE STREET AND WALKED INTO
A CHASE THROUGH TIME.

HAVING NO STRENGTH TO EXPLORE THIS MYSTERY... AND FEARING THE DEMON WOULD ESCAPE SHOULD I DIE... I SERVED TO LEAVE... TO SEEK A GATE...



HELP ME, SAINT SINNER!

...BUT WAS GRABBED INSIDE

HELP ME,
SAINT
SINNER!

... BUT WAS GRABBED INSTEAD
BY THE PRAYER OF A MAN
WHOSE WIFE AND BABY HAD
BEEN WOUNDED IN
THE CROSSFIRE!

I HAD NO CHOICE!
I HAD TO TAKE THEM
INTO TIMELESSNESS...
HEAL MYSELF BEFORE I
COULD HELP THEM...
TRY TO SAVE
THE MAN'S CHILD!

...TAKING THE CAMERA FROM THE STORE'S WINDOW, AND TURNING IT TOWARD THE MONITOR. USED ITS FEEDBACK TO CREATE THE GATE!

**GLITCHES! A DRUG DEAL
GONE SOUR! BUT AS BOTH
PERPETRATORS AND
PURSUING COPS RAN BY,
THEY WERE TRANSFORMED
BY SOME FORCE INTO
GANGSTERS FROM THE PAST!**

I FOLLOW THE PRAYER... WAS
PULLED BY IT... ONLY TO FIND AS
I REACHED THE CAB, THE MAN'S
WIFE DEAD, AND THE CHILD
DISAPPEARING BEFORE ME!

WITH THE RUMSMITH'S
POWER, I SHATTERED
THE WINDSHIELD! WITH
THE CAB AND ITS
PASSENGERS, I LEAPT
THROUGH THE GATE!

THROUGH THE GATE...BUT NOT
INTO THE VERTICALE.

AROUND ME, A WEIGHTLESS VOID,
A RIFT BETWEEN DIMENSIONS
AND A PLACE I'VE NEVER SEEN.
BEFORE ME, A BEING I HAVE
SEEN--THE HALF-FADED CHILD
FROM THE ECTOSPHERE, WHO
ESCORTED MY SPIRIT BACK TO
MY FLESH.

DON'T WORRY 'BOUT TH'
BABY. I PUT HER HERE SO SHE'S
SAFE AN' WON'T DIE. SHE WON'T DIE
HERE, AND SHE WON'T LIVE NEITHER.
IF SHE'D STAYED ALIVE, SHE WOULD'A
DIED ALL THE WAY. WOULD YOU LIKE
TO STAY WITH ME, TOO?

WHERE
ARE WE?

YOU'RE IN THE HOLE
THE BABIES TOOK WHEN THEY
GOT PULLED BACK FROM DEATH
BACK TO EARTH.

THE ECTOSPHERE
DIDN'T LIKE THAT MUCH,
SO NOW IT'S PULLIN' BACK.
YOU GOT HERE 'CAUSE YOU'RE
ALL HALF-DEAD!



YOU'RE HALF DEAD...
YOUR CARDASS NEAR STARVED
WHILE YOU WERE OFF PLAYIN' GAMES
IN THE EXTSPIHERE.



YOU'RE HALF-DEAD
FROM GAMES. YOU'D A' BEEN SURE
DEAD BY A MONTH FROM NOW, EVEN
IF THE EXTSPIHRE HADN'T TORN A
HOLE IN THE EXTSPIHERE.

★ EXTENDED AND SAINT BANNER #5:--MARC

YOU'RE ALL EAT-UP
BY CARDASS. YOU'D BE ALL THE
MAY DEAD, BUT YOU DON'T
WANNABE. YOU WANNABE STAY
HOME, WITH YOUR MAMA!



YOU WANNABE
BE DEAD, ONLY YOU'RE
NOT AN' YOU DON'T
REMEMBER 'CAUSE YOU
WUZ ONLY A BABY
WHEN YOU WOULD'A
DIED.

YOU... YOU
AN' THE OTHERS
LIKE YOU,
YOU TEND THE
EXTSPIHERE.

SEE?
I KNOW LOTS OF
THINGS. YOU'RE ALL
HALF-DEAD. ALL BUT
TWO. THE REALLY
DEAD LADY AND THE
MOMMY...



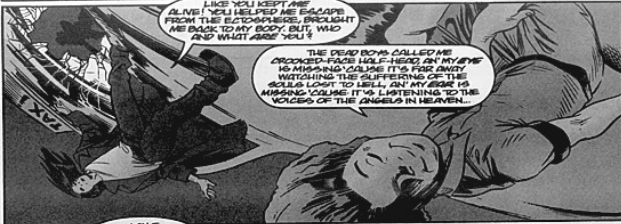
...YOU WANNABE LIVE
AN' YOU WANT YOUR BOY
TO LIVE. YOUR LOVE
KEEPS 'EM HERE IN THE
WAITING PLACE! ALL
OF 'EM! EVERYBODY
IN TH' GAR!





AS LONG AS THE
MOMMA LOVES AN THE
BOY LIVES, YOU CAN ALL
STAY HERE.

SOME
KINDS OF LOVE
KEEPS PEOPLE
SOME KEEPS 'EM
ALIVE.



LIKE YOU KEPT ME
ALIVE! YOU HELPED ME ESCAPE
FROM THE ECOSPHERE, BROUGHT
ME BACK TO MY BODY, BUT, WHO
AND WHAT ARE YOU?

THE DEAD BOYS CALLED ME
CROOKED-FACE HALF-HEAD, AN' MY EYE
IS MISSING 'CAUSE IT'S FAR AWAY
WATCHING THE SUFFERING OF THE
SOULS LOST TO HELL, AN' MY EAR IS
MISSING 'CAUSE IT'S LISTENING TO THE
VOICES OF THE ANGELS IN HEAVEN...



I'AN I
REMEMBER THAT I
ONCE WAS A HUMAN
CHILD.

HOLD STILL AND
LET ME TIE THAT BASH.
YOU LOOK LIKE AN ANGEL,
SWEETHEART.
YOU SHOULD LIVE WITH
THE ANGELS!



Remember my Daddy? He was sent to Heaven.

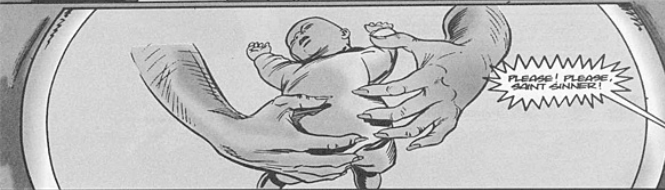
SUBWAY
↓

THIS LIFE IS HARD,
PRECIOUS... TOO HARD FOR
THE INNOCENT.





*LAST ISSUE.





MY
DAUGHTER!
SHE'S LEAVING
AGAIN!



UH-OH...

WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

THE
EXTISPHERE'S SENT
SOMEBODY TO TAKE
HER!



THE CHILD-GIRL'S HOOR. I'VE USED
IT BEFORE... I USED IT TO ENTER THE
DEAD-END STREET; THAT BROUGHT ME
BACK TO NEW YORK... BACK TO MY BODY.

NOW, I'LL USE IT AGAIN,
TO FOLLOW AND FIND THE
INFANT!

BUT THIS TIME,
I AM DENIED.

UH!

HEE HEE HA HA HA HA!

YOU CAN'T GO
IN THERE, IDIOT!
YOU'RE STILL WEARING
YOUR SUCKA!

THE HOOF DOESN'T ACCEPT ME. I'D LOST MYSELF THROUGH
ITS PORTAL AS A PHASEBODIED SPIRIT. TO BE ALLOWED
ENTRANCE, WOULD I ONCE AGAIN HAVE TO DIE?

IF YOU WANNA KNOW
WHY THINGS HAPPEN HERE,
JUST ASK HIM! HE'S THE
ONE WHO DID IT!

THE HALF-FACED GIRL SMILES
AT THE YOUNG PERPETRATOR.
THEY ARE BOTH, IN THEIR OWN
WAY, MONSTROUS.

WHY? WHAT
DOES HE HAVE TO
DO WITH IT?

AND SHE FALLS
EASILY THROUGH
THE HOOF,
LIVING UNHARMED
BY A MORTAL
FORM.

WHILE I, BOUND BOTH BY
FLESH AND REASON, TURN MY
ATTENTION TO THE MISERABLE
BOY, I NEED ANSWERS.

I'LL
FIND THE
BABY!

THAT'S FOR
YOU TO FIND
OUT...

WHAT?
NOT ME!
I DUNNO
NOTHIN'!

He knows, Stunnen he's just forgotten.

BUT WHAT COULD HE KNOW? HE HAS CHANGEN FOR THE VERY LACK OF KNOWLEDGE.

LET ME TAKE HIM, SAIBU! WE'LL bring the BROTH FROM THIS WASTE OF LIFE! HERE WE'LL REGRESS HIM. A LIFE SEQUENCE IN THE FINAL ACT!

THESE NEIGHBORHOOD CREDS OFTEN USE UNDERGROUND KIDS AS "SHOOTERS."

THEY'RE DUMB ENOUGH TO DO WHAT THEY'RE TOLD, AND THEY CAN ONLY BE TRIED AS JUVENILES.

Use your power, Stunnen! Balance him to a higher form! You may give him access to the full range of his memory.

WHAT COULD HE KNOW OF TIME WARPS AND DIMENSIONAL RIFTS?

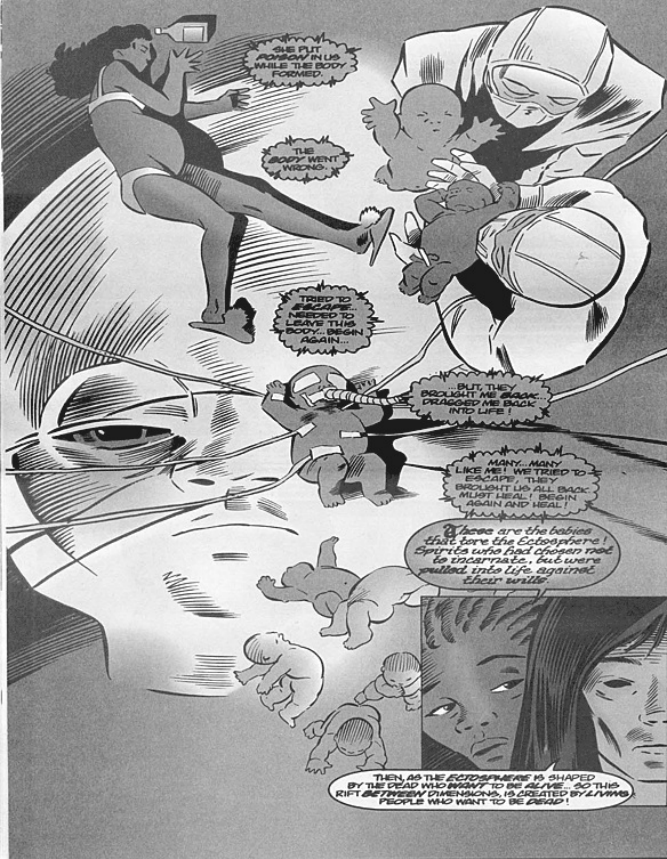
I DO USE MY POWER...OR IT USES ME! THE LIGHT POURS THROUGH ME INTO THE DYING BOY... BUT INSTEAD OF SIMPLY ADVANCING TO A HIGHER FORM OF LIFE...

...FLOATING, NEXT TO ME, IN THE MIND I FIND A MAN-SIZED FETUS! I HAVE I LOST IT? I LOST THE TENDRILS GRIP I HAD ON MY POWERS?

GRATEFUL! GRATEFUL! YOU'VE FREED ME!

MUST HEAL! MUST HEAL! MUST HEAL!

WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT MUST YOU HEAL?



SHE PUT
POISON IN US
WHILE THE BODY
FORMED.

THE
BODY WENT
WRONG.

TRIED TO
ESCAPE...
NEEDED TO
LEAVE THIS
BODY... BEGIN
AGAIN...

...BUT, THEY
BROUGHT ME BACK.
DRAGGED ME BACK
INTO LIFE!

MANY... MANY
LIKE ME! WE TRIED TO
ESCAPE. THEY
BROUGHT US ALL BACK.
MUST HEAL! BEGIN
AGAIN AND HEAL!

These are the babies
that tore the Ectosphere!
Spirits who had chosen not
to incarnate, but were
pulled into life against
their wills.

THEN, AS THE ECTOSPHERE IS SHAPED
BY THE DEAD WHO WANT TO BE ALIVE, SO THIS
RIFT BETWEEN DIMENSIONS, IS CREATED BY LIVING
PEOPLE WHO WANT TO BE DEAD!

CAN'T HEAL! CAN'T HEAL! THE BODY'S GONE
TOO WRONG...WRONG FROM THE BEGINNING! NEED TO DIE!
NEED TO DIE! FREE THE SPIRIT...START AGAIN!

I FOUND
THE OTHER
BABY!

THE DEAD LADY TOOK HER.
IT WAS EASY; THE EXTOSPHERE ALWAYS
DROPS CAUSE OF ALL THE BABIES
THAT WAS STOLEN FROM IT!

SEE?

THAT'S MY
WIFE!

LOUISA!
CAN YOU HEAR ME?
MADRE DE DIOS!
WHAT IS WRONG WITH
MY CHILD?!

CAN YOU GO
BACK AND GET THE
BABY FOR US?

NO, SILLY, I CAN'T DO THAT!
THE EXTOSPHERE WANTS IT AN' THE
LADY LOVES IT TOO HARD.

I LOOK THROUGH THE HEDS INTO THE
EXTOSPHERE, AND SEE A GHOST
HOLDING A LIVING CHILD! THIS BREAKS
THE FIRST LAW OF THE REALM OF THE
DEAD; NO LIVING NEED APPLY!

NEED
TO DIE!
NEED
TO DIE!

I HAVE
AN IDEA...

...A GOOD IDEA. BUT THIS KIND OF ARRANGEMENT REQUIRES
CONSENT. FROM MY OWNED FIELDS, THE FORCE SURGES...
FLOODING INTO AND THROUGH THE FIELDS, TRANSFORMING
IT, ONCE MORE, INTO A BOY!

I HOLD THE
GROINGING BOY
IN MY ARMS...
MYSELF AGAIN,
AND NOT
HIMSELF. HE
SEEMS TO HAVE
MEMORIES OF
ALL THE PAST
COURTROOMS
KNOWN.

DO YOU STILL WANT
TO ESCAPE, MY FRIEND?
START OVER ?

YES...
PLEASE,
YES!

GENTLY...GENTLY...I,
ONCE MORE, FEEL
THE LIGHT INTO
THE BOY...EASING
HIM SLOWLY,
SURELY BACK...

...SENDING HIM BACK TO HIS
INFANCY...TO THE TIME WHEN HE'D
MADE HIS CHOICE TO DIE.

PERHAPS WE
COULD ARRANGE A TRADE...
EXCHANGE THIS INFANT
FOR THE OTHER ?

That's it, SAINT!
Why not play GOD?
WE KNOW HOW WELL
DEAL ALWAYS
WORKS!

HERE, GIRL...YOU TAKE
HIM ! TAKE HIM TO LOUISA
AND EXCHANGE HIM FOR THE
LIVING CHILD!

I'M DEAD,
SILLY ! I CAN SHOW
THE WAY, BUT I CAN'T
CARRY A LIVING THING
THROUGH !

I
CAN TAKE HIM
THROUGH!!

I CAN TAKE
HIM AND BRING
THE OTHER BABY
BACK !

THE
ECTOPHORES
WANTS ME.
LIKE THE CANCER
INSIDE ME, I CAN
FEEL IT PULLING
AT ME, MOM!

YOU'RE NOT
GOING IN THERE
ALONE!

NO, LADY! THE
ECTOPHORES JUST WANTS-TO-
THE DEAD! EITHER THEM OR BABIES!
NO MOMMIES ALLOWED!

IF THE ECTOSPHERE WANTS BABIES,
I COULD RETROGRADE. USE MY POWER TO MAKE
MYSELF A CHILD... GO WITH THE BOY.

No, Sinner! As you'd
grow younger, I would weaken.
You'd lose your power to
control the Runcomith!

BULL GO!
BULL BABY, GO
WIT BOY!

I'M NOT SURE YOU
CAN GO BULL. YOU'RE NOT
EXACTLY A BABY AND YOU'RE
NOT EXACTLY A RUNMAN!

BULL
GO!

LET HIM TRY
IT, GRANT SINNER!
HELP HIM THROUGH
THE GATE...

...IF THE VOID
YOU'RE IN WILL
TAKE HIM...

I REACH BEYOND THE GUNNING GATE,
TO GRASP BULL'S BEEFY HAND.

...PERHAPS THE
ECTOSPHERE WILL
TAKE HIM, TOO!

ME GO
WIT BOY!

WE DO IT.
HE'S THERE!

...AND JUST AS QUICKLY, GONE...
TAKING THE BUCK BOY WITH
HIM, THROUGH THE HOP.

nananananank!

WIT BOY!

THROUGH THE HOOP... INTO THE
ECTOPHIERE--THAT DIMENSION,
SHROUDED BY THE MEMORIES
AND UNFULFILLED DREAMS
OF THE DEAD THAT EXISTS IN
THE SHADOW OF THIS EARTH.



SEE? SEE?
BULL'S ARM
FUNNY!

THE BABY
TOO! SHE'S ALL
WOBBLY!

THAT MEANS WE
DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME.
THE ECTOPHIERE CAN'T
HOLD YOU LONG!

LOOK!
THERE SHE
IS!

BETTER GO
QUICK!

EXCUSE
ME... EXCUSE ME,
LADY?

e le nante, nant...
nante nant... nante ca...

LEAVE
ME!

PLEASE, LADY...
YOUR BABY NEEDS A
DOCTOR. SHE'S NOT
DEAD, SEE? BUT
THIS ONE...

Yaghhhhhh!

...HERE! THIS ONE
NEEDS YOU! HE NEEDS TO
START OVER AGAIN AND HE NEEDS
YOU TO HELP HIM.



THIS ONE IS
NOT... ANNE?

NO, NO...
THIS IS THE
RIGHT
ONE.



YES...
THIS ONE'S RIGHT...
I CAN FEEL IT!
THIS ONE NEEDS MY
LOVE!



BYE-BYE!



HURRY NOW!
HURRY!

TOMMY! TOMMY,
COME BACK TO ME!

YES, TOMMY,
QUICK! OR YOU'LL
EXPLODE, TOO!



Tommy!

IT WASN'T
SO BAD... IT WASN'T
SUCH A BAD PLACE, NOW—
EXCEPT THAT YOU
WEREN'T THERE.

FOR ONCE, MY GEMELE PAID
OFF. THE BOY HAD FOUND
THE BABY AND HAD BEEN
ABLE TO RETURN TO US.
NOW, WE'D HAVE TO MOVE QUICKLY.



THANK YOU! THANK
YOU, MY SON! YOU'VE GIVEN
ME MY DAUGHTER.

TOMMY? I THINK I CAN HELP
YOU... MAKE YOU
WELL... IF YOU'LL
LET ME?



IS THIS TRUE? CAN I
HEAL THE BOY? OR WILL
I COVAGE HIM IN WEAYS
I CAN'T IMAGINE?



YES,
HELP ME.
I DON'T WANT
TO DIE,
YET.

I TAKE A DEEP BREATH. I TOUCH
THE BOY AND FEEL HIS
SUFFERING, THE SACKNESS, AND
THE FEAR. I SEND HIM BACK...



OH, GOD!
I REMEMBER! I REMEMBER
WHAT IT WAS LIKE BEFORE
TOMMY WAS SICK!

...BACK BEFORE THE
CANCER CAME.

SO MANY FACTORS CONTRIBUTE
TO DISEASE... THE FOOD WE EAT,
THE CHEMICALS IN THE AIR
WE BREATHE...

...AND SOME SAY
THE VERY THOUGHTS
WE THINK... THE IMAGES
IN OUR DREAMS
AT NIGHT.

WHEN I REVERSE
THE PROCESS, THE BOY'S
BODY GOES WITHOUT
THE INFLUENCE OF
THESE THINGS.
THE CANCER DOES
NOT GROW WITH HIM.

THIS TIME, I'VE DONE
GOOD. BUT, THERE
IS NO TIME TO
CONGRATULATE
MYSELF.

OH, BABY,
YOU'RE HEALTHY
AGAIN!

I'M NOT QUITE
DONE YET.

HOW CAN I
EVER
THANK YOU?

BY LEAVING
QUICKLY.

QUICKER THAN
THAT SAINT SINNER!
THE DIMENSIONAL
RIFT IS CLOSE TO
IMPOLODING!

I HAVE
NO POWER TO HEAL
BULLET WOUNDS.
YOU'VE GOT TO GET
THE BABY TO
A DOCTOR, HURRY!
PUT THE CAB INTO
REVERSE...

THANK
YOU! THANK
YOU, SAINT
SINNER!

...YOU WILL RETURN
TO THE EXACT TIME AND
PLACE FROM WHICH
WE FLED!

LIFE IS GOOD. LIFE IS
VIOLENCE. WE PRESS
TOWARD THE FIRST BARRIAGE
AND HEADLESSLY
RIPPING OUR MOTHERS...

CRASH!

...BURST INTO LIFE IN A SPASM
OF PAIN AND BLOOD. WE
EXIST TO FEEL AND TO FEED...
WE MUST KILL. LIFE
IS VIOLENT...

...AND, IT IS GOOD!

SOME PEOPLE WILL TRY
TO TELL YOU THAT NOTHING
IS BLACK AND WHITE... THAT
THERE ISN'T ALWAYS
A CLEAR LINE BETWEEN
GOOD AND EVIL.
DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT!

SALE ON
WIDE-SCREEN
TELEVISION

ACH! MY WINDOW!
YOU DROVE RIGHT
THROUGH MY
WINDOW!

HELP!
HELP!
US!

MOVE!
OUT OF
THE WAY!
SMB!

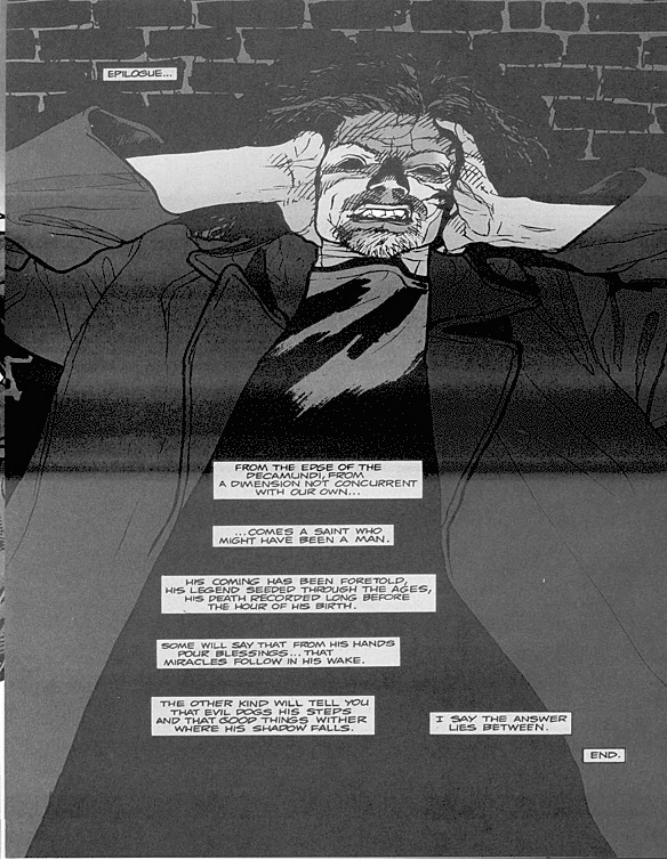
LOOK,
MOMMY, LOOK!
LOOK ON
THE SCREEN!

SKREE! SKREE! SKREE!
SKREE!

HOW'S MY DRIVING? CALL



M B U L A N C



EPILQUE...

FROM THE EDGE OF THE
DECAMUNDI, FROM
A DIMENSION NOT CONCURRENT
WITH OUR OWN...

...COMES A SAINT WHO
MIGHT HAVE BEEN A MAN.

HIS COMING HAS BEEN FORETOLD,
HIS LEGEND SEEDED THROUGH THE AGES,
HIS DEATH RECORDED LONG BEFORE
THE HOUR OF HIS BIRTH.

SOME WILL SAY THAT FROM HIS HANDS
POUR BLESSINGS... THAT
MIRACLES FOLLOW IN HIS WAKE.

THE OTHER KIND WILL TELL YOU
THAT EVIL GOSS HIS STEPS
AND THAT GOOD THINGS WITHER
WHERE HIS SHADOW FALLS.

I SAY THE ANSWER
LIES BETWEEN.

END.

end of an era

The bad news is that there's no easy way to say it: this issue marks, regrettably, the end of the run of Saint Sinner, in this incarnation.

We've been to reading your letters, and basking in your overwhelmingly positive responses, but the economic facts of today's market tell us that we just don't have the number 5 to keep going. Mark it down to timing, a victim of what's quickly becoming hailed as "the glut of '93." For all of you that wholeheartedly supported this book, who knew a special thing when you saw it, you have our thanks, and hopefully a complete run of one of the most amazing comics ever. Take my advice, and hang onto it.

In my career as an editor, I have never seen the tremendous reader response to a title that we've gotten on Saint Sinner. Unfortunately, in these times, that's not enough to keep a publication alive. But it is enough to tell us we've struck a chord.

not the end, never the end...

So, for those of you who are beginning to feel a little melancholy, take solace. The good news is that, though you've seen the end of this book, you've probably not seen the last of this character. Look for him. If you call him, he will come. But be careful what you pray for...

Dear SAINT SINNER,

I was thinking of a way to tell you what your book SAINT SINNER was like. I had one problem — there are no words that can really describe this book. So I wrote a poem:

In this world, that I dwell
I'm living my own private hell
In a dimension that shouldn't exist
But it's here, in the mist

Time and time again I hear
The noises that cause my fear
Noises that were possibly my friend
Are now bringing me to my end

My sanity is now gone
I'm left on the street, all alone
My two best friends are now dead
Because of the noises in my head

This seems to me, all a dream
But when I notice it's not, I scream
"My death, I am now given"
In this hell, I am alive

Inside of me, two souls fight
One trying to set me right
The other, to cause me more grief
By listening to its belief

Inside of me is where they are
My soul is what one tries to scar
Until one becomes the winner
I'll live my life as SAINT SINNER

True art sparks life in others.
Josh. So it is here with the creation
of not one, but two poems! We
thought it would be a nice touch on
the last letters page of SAINT SINNER
to let two people show that
while SAINT SINNER may be ending,
its influence will not die.

Dear SAINT SINNER,

You had asked for criticism, but I
have no complaints. Maybe a little
poem will do:

I've seen both worlds
the dark and the light.
I am trapped between both.
It is useless to fight.

One side pulls me
down toward sin,
one pulls me up
to show my face again.

One is most evil
one is full righteous
I'm caught between them
and there is my crisis

They fight each other
for control of my soul.
This battle on me
is taking it's toll

My mind is being torn
to bits and shreds.
At one time I thought
I'd be better off dead.

I want to be good.
But the evil is strong.
When I try I can walk
between right and wrong.

Then I have power
over life and death
I can leap through dimensions
with just a little breath.

Some day I'll be free
Either good or evil
Will be a winner
But until that day
Just call me SAINT SINNER.

Strong words, Daniel. It seems
both you and Josh have picked up
on something here. Thanks for taking
the time to show us what SAINT
SINNER has meant to you.

Dear Saints and Sinners,

You guys are great! I'm so happy
now, that I've got something so good to
read. My life revolves round reading, so
you've all done me a huge favor. I'd
never really read comics before; to be
honest I'd never even set foot in a
comic shop until I heard that Clive
Barker was making up new stories for
comics. Being a great fan of his I decided
to check out the local shop and I'm

not disappointed at all.

The artwork is incredible, the coloring
is exquisite, the covers and logo are
excellent, the lettering beautiful, but
the best is the storyline. I've read a
load of books in my time, which hasn't
even been that long yet, and no novel
or short story has ever had such an
impact on me like SAINT SINNER. Philip
Fetter's story is so good, I could babble
for at least two more pages, but don't
worry, I won't. Just a little more.

It's great that Philip is a kid. His
mind is invaded by an angel and a
demon but he seems to be coping well.
I mean if anything like that happened
to any adult I know, they'd be history.

Philip may look twenty-five now, but
he's still a kid. I love this comic. It
could go on indefinitely. I hope it does.
Thanks for making me happy. Everyone
involved with this comic should be
proud of themselves.

Michael Boucher
48 Starling Lane
Bradford, MA 01855

Thanks for writing, Michael. As
you know by now, Michael, this is
the last issue of SAINT SINNER.
We're as sad about the loss as you
are, but thank you for letting us
know you enjoyed the book.

SAINT SINNER was a great time
while it lasted, but now things only
get better; we now have the exciting
new books to look forward to!

If you're still bummed about the
loss of SAINT SINNER, take comfort
in this: Philip Fetter is still a big
part of the rich landscape Clive
Barker created when he gave us the
Decamundi. So, with three new
books starting this Fall, there's no
telling where Philip might turn up.
Keep an eye out. You haven't seen
the last of SAINT SINNER!

ELSEWHERE, ALONG THE RAZORS EDGE:

HYPERKIND #8:

Tempest, the Wild Woman of the
original Paxis returns—with a
vengeance! Can a former super
hero function in a world without
heroes? And will she be friend or foe
to the Hyperkind?

ECTOKID #8:

Dex acquires the power of possession,
to save his mothers life—and
accidentally swaps souls with her
attacker! It's not pretty—and it may
be permanent!

HOKUM & HEX #8:

Trip vs. Bloodshed, round two!
Only one will walk away! (And considering
Trip is already half dead, you
might not want to place bets on who!)